

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the enuy of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconfired in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arriual of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If die, braue death when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduerture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time doe such a courtelie.
*Here they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with
his power, Alarums to the battell: then enter Dowglas, and Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crostest me?
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scor,
And thou shalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight; Dowglas kills Blunt; then enters Hotspur.
Hot. O Dowglas! hadst thou fought at Holmston thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scor.

Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the King.
Hot. Where?

Hot. This Dowglas? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coares.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murder all his Wardrope, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and away.

Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarums, enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
shot heere; heere's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are
you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's honour for you, heere's no vanity.

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